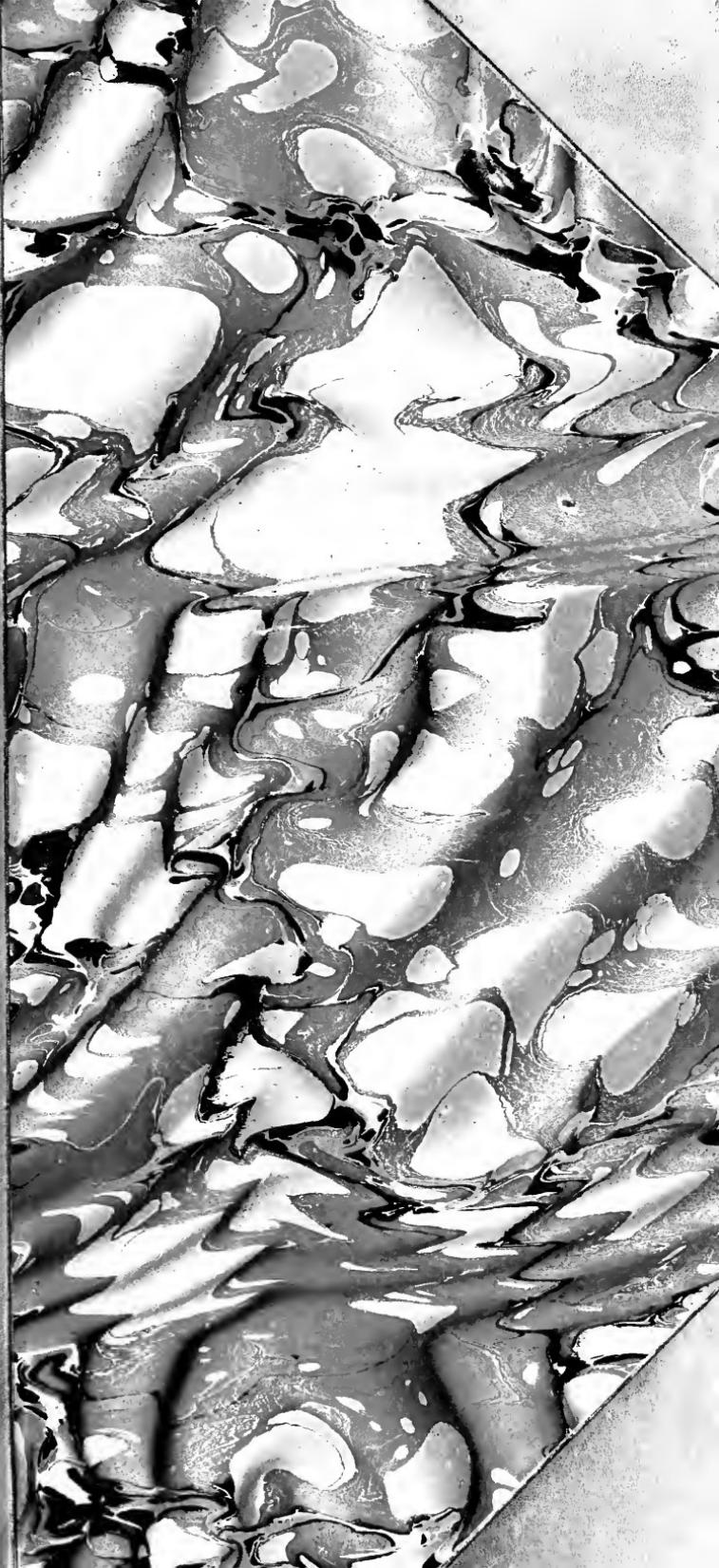


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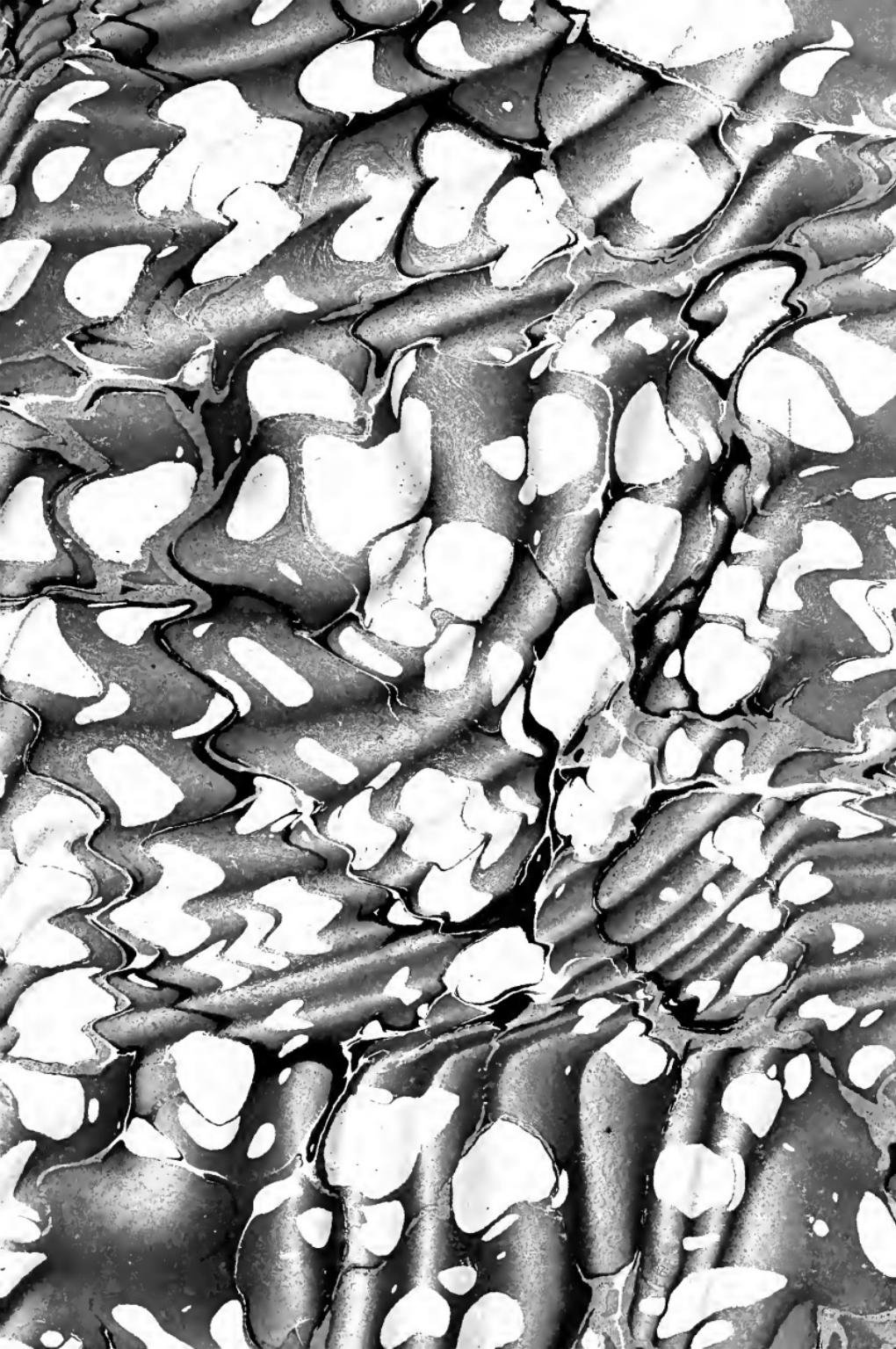
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STOKE CHURCH,  
GREEN LANE, ORBURY,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

JAMES AUCHINELINE WARD.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR  
BY JAMES AUCHINELINE, STOKE CHURCH,  
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# STOKE CHURCH.

A POEM.

# GREEN LANES OF BUCKS.

A SONNET.

LINES WRITTEN NEAR ETON,

# UPON THE THAMES.

BY JAMES AUGUSTINE WADE.

SLOUGH:

LUFF AND SON.

MDCCCXLIII.



The Church is delightfully situated in the beautiful demesne of Stoke Park, the seat of Granville Penn, Esq., in the parish of Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, about three miles from Eton, and twenty-two from London.

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## STOKE CHURCH.

---

THOU art classically beautiful, sweet Church,  
In silence seated, 'midst these woodland dells :  
With yew tree o'er thy graves, and wide o'erhanging porch ;  
With new-crowned spire, and merry peal of bells.  
Thou art a glorious temple, rais'd by hands,  
And sacred, even as the ark of old :  
In triumph, thou dost grace those pleasant lands ;  
And tho' retir'd, art dignified and bold.

Say, who repose, within these scattered tombs,  
Above whose breast, no timely tell-tale peeps ?  
Thou answerest well, " 'tis whispered in their homes,  
And sainted sorrow, here, its vigil keeps."  
Those hearths are vacant, where they many a time,  
Enjoy'd the frugal fare, the housewife's smile ;  
No more their voice is heard at evening's chime,  
And they no more her matron cares beguile.

Around thy hoary walls, the clasping ivy clings,  
 Hark ! to the magpie, chattering from its nest ;  
 Behold her flight, as from thy tow'r she wings ;  
 Now see her, on the frowning pine-tree rest.  
 Thou art not quite companionless, it seems,  
 Tho' venerably old—yet not despis'd ;  
 And who can tell of holier, happier scenes,  
 Than in thy precincts, may be realiz'd.

The very walls, that circle round thy graves,  
 In language eloquent, our end declare ;  
 As high above, the o'erspreading elm tree waves,  
 Its glossy leaves, to ev'ry breath of air.  
 Are they not sinking ? even to the sight,  
 Voracious time doth gnaw them as a crust ;  
 And their worn fronts, relate in colours bright,  
 That solemn truth, “ The end of all is dust.”

Hail ! bounteous summer, now the landscape glads the sight,  
 And flowers and foliage rise profusely round ;  
 Nature abroad, luxuriant spreads delight,  
 And gilds with charms, these solitudes profound.  
 The flowering hawthorn, sheds around perfume ;  
 Wild flow'rs above those mossy tombs arise ;  
 While in the wood, the feather'd tribe illume,  
 The stillness here, with songs that pierce the skies.

## GREEN LANES OF BUCKS.

### A SONNET.

---

Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me ;  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.  
Your solitudes gladden my wandering hours,  
More than Italas' sunshine and flowers ;  
Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me,  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.

O come, would you rove where the primrose abounds,  
And the groves are all woke, with harmonious sounds ;  
Where the wild rose and elder the hedge-rows array,  
And the violet and daisy their beauties display.  
Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me ;  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.

The sheep bells are tinkling around in each fold,  
And the streamlet, tho' humble, is brilliant as gold :  
The swallow and the butterfly sport in the breeze,  
And the first song of love, ushers forth from the trees.  
Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me,  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.

O give me the green lanes, now wreathed in May ;  
Now glist'ning with dew-drops, or perfumed with hay ;  
While arise, here and there, in their ancestral pride,  
The ash-tree and elm, with the oak by their side.  
Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me,  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.

The park may look vernal, the uplands serene ;  
And brook, vale, and woodland give life to the scene :  
But what can bestow such dear unbought delight,  
As the green lanes when festoon'd by moonlight at night.  
Green Lanes of Bucks, ye are charming to me,  
With hawthorn, and song-bird, and musical bee.

## LINES WRITTEN NEAR ETON, UPON THE THAMES.

Hail ! Classic vale ! Hail ! glorious silver river !  
Times that are fled, have chronicled ye well ;  
Times unreturning, that are gone for ever,  
And Bards in tears, who bade ye both farewell.  
Enchanting spot, were loveliest visions rise,  
And learning still adorns the ancient site ;  
Where science proud, uplifts the radiant prize,  
And Genius soars, triumphant, in the sight.

How musical the shining waters dance along,  
In gallant speed, yon boats glide o'er the wave :  
Chance many a thought of home, is drowned in song,  
Or checks young hearts, a passing sigh to crave.  
Alas ! that time, should deluge hours like these ;  
Or years remove such soul-inspiring scenes ;  
Where love and hope, commingling, serve to please,  
And worldly sorrow seldom intervenes.

Chance oft across those verdant undulating fields,  
 Some pensive muse, his evening ramble took ;  
 To taste the joys that sweet retirement yields,  
 And 'neath some shade, peruse another book.  
 And oft e'en now, with stedfast anxious aim,  
 Some scholar seeks the river's ambient side ;  
 Whose breast impetuous, throbs and sighs for fame ;  
 Whose prayer, perchance, will not be long denied.

Press on, proud emulation bear the student up ;  
 Early and late, with vigour, toil, and pains :  
 Science holds forth a gold and silver cup,  
 Which, one or other, merit only gains.  
 In memory of those Stars of talent set ;  
 Man's great philosophy and tuneful song :  
 For wealth and fame, and all that they beget,  
 Press on, thou child of science, by the throng.

Lo ! yonder, august, towering to the skies,  
 The stately towers of Windsor Castle peer ;  
 O'er smiling Thames, their giant-shadow flies,  
 And from the banks, we trace their outline there.  
 Inglorious oft—thou glorious fabric stand,  
 Prouder than past, count these thy halcyon days :  
 Still pour a flood of glory o'er the land,  
 And list the winds, that bring thee distant praise.

Now turned to thee, Britannia strikes the lyre,  
While myriad voices mingle in the theme :  
The patriot's torch re-lights our ancient fire ;  
And meet's the prayer and tribute that we deem.  
Long float the Royal Standard, from thy massive tower ;  
Long live Victoria, Queen of Albion's Strand ;  
Heav'n be her Guide, thro' each eventful hour,  
Heav'n bless her Reign, and bless our Native Land !













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